



Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls, Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries.

Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality, often it is never recovered. Miss Pratt says, —

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was completely run-down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."—Miss ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

A man with a weak stomach, who likes pudding, never has sense when he has pudding.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The wind of words will not carry the flying machine of pride over the walls of repentance.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Good fortune is the elixir of industry. God pours nothing into empty heads.

Real Maple Syrup

Yes, Mapl-Flake is flavored with pure maple syrup, just the same as you use on your table. It has a flavor all its own. Why not try it?

Mapl-Flake

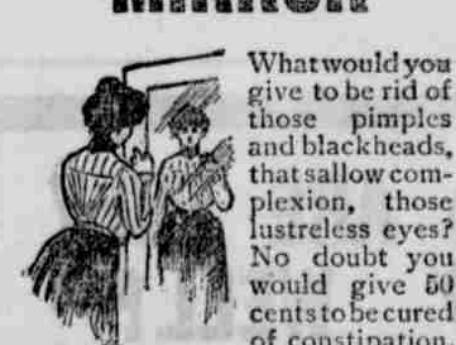
La grippe, pneumonia, and influenza often leave a nasty cough when they're gone. It is a dangerous thing to neglect. Cure it with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

The cure that is guaranteed by your druggist.

Prices: S. C. Wells & Co., 9 25c 50c \$1 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

LOOK in YOUR MIRROR



What would you give to be rid of those pimples and blackheads, that sallow complexion, those lustreless eyes? No doubt you would give 50 cents to be cured of constipation, liver troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia. Get rid of these troubles and your complexion will clear up like an April day after a shower. Take

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

Mrs. Mary G. Hahn, No. 253 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "For two years I have been troubled with biliousness caused by irregularity of the liver. I had dirty spots at times, pains across my back and a tired, heavy feeling, with loss of appetite and nervousness. My family physician recommended some liver tablets which certainly did not help me in the least. I took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and in a few days I felt better. I took it for several weeks and my complexion cleared up, my skin is white and smooth as a baby's and I feel in excellent health and spirits, thanks to your remedy."

Your Money Back If It Don't Benefit You
PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

THE INTER-VEIL.

I.
Into the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see,
Because the dark had fallen 'twixt them
and me.

II.
We passed a lonely out-fire,
And one turned;
Across his eyes an instant
The low light burned,
And in that flash his blindness I had discerned.

III.
But he, the other rider,
Dimly scanned,
Was dark amid the darkness
That held the land—
Only, upon the bridge, I saw his hand.

IV.
Out of the silent valley,
Knee to knee,
I rode between two riders
I could not see—
Known for a day, forever unknown to me.
—Elizabeth Foote, in the Century.

THE POPPY BOAT.

THOMAS had turned to leave the room with his mother, but he looked back at me over his shoulder.

"You may come with me in the Poppy Boat," he said, graciously. The Poppy Boat is his, and it travels between here and the Land of Dreams. Thomas has such queer notions about dreams. He thinks, among other things, that you can always choose the people who are going with you, and he never fails to make up his own party every night. This night he chose me, which was a great honor.

"And I'll wait for you at the Bridge," he added, as his mother drew him out of the room. The Bridge is just where you begin to think that in a few minutes you will be asleep. Thomas always plans to meet his Dreamland guests at the Bridge, but sometimes they are so long in coming that he has to go on without them.

I thought perhaps he would not wait for me to-night, because first I had to talk a little with his father, and then his mother came and talked to me; and after all that, I had to go home and get ready for the journey—and it was late—O! so late—before I came to the Bridge.

But although Thomas was impatient, he waited for me.

"And where are we going first?" I asked him.

"To the Baby Land," he said, his face aglow, "to find a baby sister." And so we started off.

The Poppy Boat is like a poppy flower. You sit in the middle, and then, if you are cold, you draw the petals up over your head. The river is blue and quiet, and there are many other Poppy Boats which are gliding around here and there all over it. One of them drifted up by us. In the middle of it was something very tiny and very fair. I held my breath when I saw what it was. "Thomas," I whispered, "she's from the Baby Land! Perhaps she's a little sister."

Thomas waved his hand to her, and she waved hers back very prettily. So Thomas guided our boat until it came closer to hers. I wish you could have seen her boat. It was pink—not red, like ours—and the petals were soft and satiny and so delicately shaded, and they were drawn up close around her, as if she felt that the night was cold.

Thomas leaned over gently and pushed the petals back. "Are you a baby sister?" he demanded, eagerly.

She nodded a baby head at him. "I'm just going home," she told him. "We are just going home, too," he assured her. "Come on along home with us." She said she would, and Thomas clasped his hands.

"Let's find my mother and tell her," he suggested.

"She's around here somewhere," And Thomas held his hand out to the little sister, who put a dear baby hand into his. And so the two boats came together, and we drifted on.

"Do you know where your mother goes in her Poppy Boat?" I asked Thomas.

He thought a moment. "Sometimes she goes with me," he said, "and sometimes with father. Sometimes she goes where they build houses, and sometimes where they make dresses, and sometimes—"

"If she goes to so many places, we'll have to hunt all over to find her," I said, "and so we better begin right away."

Thomas drew his forehead into puckers, which means that he is thinking hard. "Dresses first," he announced, finally; "she's been talking about them."

Sure enough, so she had, and to me, that very night. "Do you know where they make dresses?" I asked the baby sister.

Yes, she did, and if we wanted to go there, all we had to do was to say, "Dresses! Three dresses! To dresses! I want to go!" and then we'd be there; but if we didn't say it just right—if we should get it all mixed up and say, for instance, "Dresses! Two dresses! Three dresses! I want to go!" or "Four dresses!" or anything like that, there was no telling where you'd go to, the baby sister said.

Thomas picked it up immediately, without a bit of trouble, and before she had fairly finished telling me about it, he had said the whole thing, just exactly right, and was drifting away from me in his boat, and I was floating away from him in another boat which

had mysteriously appeared under me from somewhere.

"Thomas! Thomas!" I cried to him in dismay. "Five dresses! Six dresses! All the dresses you want, Thomas, if you'll come back!" But he had gone so far that I could only just see him, a wee little speck on the edge of the water, next to the sky, and I was all alone.

Then I racked my brain to think how it was you said those things about dresses, but I couldn't remember. The more I tried to remember the more I forgot. Presently I forgot what it was I was trying to remember, and just drifted along, not thinking of anything in particular. I met several people I knew, but no body was going in my direction. And after a while the river narrowed until it was just a thread, the trees came down closer to the edge and I could hear the singing of birds and the chirping of crickets, and all sorts of land sounds. Then suddenly, but gently, my boat pushed on the shore and stopped.

"Do I get out now?" I asked of nobody in particular. And nobody answered, so I got out, anyway.

I had only to take one look about me to be sure that I was in a pleasant place; flowers were under my feet; the sky was blue above my head; the air was sweet and sunny, and yet I was not contented.

"Whatever is the matter with me?" I scolded myself. "Here I am, in a lovely place, clothed and in my—I stopped myself immediately. 'That's just exactly it!' I exclaimed. 'Clothes is just what I want. Let me see—what was that I wanted to say? Oh, yes—I have it now!' And I shouted triumphantly, 'Clothes! Three clothes! To clothes I want to go!' And away I went in my Poppy Boat.

I had not yet remembered about Thomas, or his mother, or the baby sister. I was simply interested in the scenery as I went along. There were heaps of dark things along the coast that looked like rocks. "It's a rock-bound coast," I exclaimed to myself. "I've heard of such things before." But they were not rocks—they were piles of old clothes.

"Now, what did I want to come here for?" was my first and only question as my feet touched the beach, and I could find no answer to it. I wandered around for a little while, and then I stepped into my boat and drifted away. Where I went I do not now remember. But I heard from Thomas the next day.

"I know where mother went last night," he called to me, running into our house soon after breakfast.

"You don't!" I exclaimed. For who ever heard of so astounding a bit of knowledge as that?

"In the Baby Land," he shouted, fairly dancing in his joy. "And the baby sister is at our house now."

"No!" I said, unbelieving.

"You come and see," he said, drawing me by the hand. And I went. And it was just as Thomas said—Helen Lockwood Coffin, in the Club Woman.

Music as Medicine.

From the days of Saul and David music has no doubt been the means of alleviating, if not actually curing, many serious cases of mental disease. Modern experience has proved this conclusively, and many instances may be quoted from ancient history.

Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane, and Thales, when the pestilence ravaged Sparta, found in music his most powerful means of combating it. Herodotus held that even the bites of venomous reptiles were rendered less fatal by subjecting the victims to the influence of melody.

When Philip of Spain was in a morbid and desponding condition, Farinelli, the vocalist, was sent for by the queen, with a party of musicians, to sing and play in the adjoining room. The effect was a speedy and rapid cure.

Both Buckman and Hafeland relate instances in which music has cured cases of St. Vitus' dance, and Becker and Schneider demonstrated practically its influence in different cases of hysteria.

Whence Comes It.

When a small magnet kept in a drawer has been ready to act on a compass any time during the last twenty years, and has not altered its appearance in any appreciable way, whence comes the continuous supply? Again, when a lady has had for a great many years a cedar work-box, which has never failed of its characteristic odor, it is a natural question to ask, whence comes the smell? The statement in text books both of physics and physiology is that something material is given off from the wood which alights on the olfactory membrane of the nose. This is purely gratuitous, as the statement is without a shadow of proof, the box being to all appearances in no way diminished in size or otherwise altered. If the hypothesis, for it is nothing more, fails, how does the case differ in principle from that of radium?

Doing Europe.

Facilities for traveling nowadays are so accelerated that it is quite possible for the tourist to pass through five European countries in fourteen hours, barring accidents—namely, England, France, Belgium, Germany and Holland. Take the express from Charles Cross to Dover and cross over to Calais—two countries. Then with the intercontinental express you proceed to Brussels—three countries. From the Belgian capital by train to Aix-la-Chapelle, which is German territory, making the fourth country, and after allowing time for a meal a drive to Vaals, in Holland, makes the fifth country—and all in fourteen hours.

EASTERN USES OF PAPER.

Japanese Would Find It Hard to Get Along Without It.

The Japanese use paper at every moment. The string with which a deft-handed "darling of the gods" does up the articles you buy is made of paper. The handkerchief (thrown away after use) is paper, the partitions dividing the houses are paper, and the pane through which an indiscreet eye looks at you is paper! The pane is certainly wanting in transparency, but there is a simple remedy. One finger is passed through the paper—that is all! Afterward a small piece is stuck on the opening with a grain of rice.

The men's hats, the cloak of the porter who carries his burden, singing a cadence, through the rain; the garment of the boatman who conducts you on board, the tobacco pouch, cigar case—all are paper! Those elegant flowers ornamenting the beautiful hair of the Japanese ladies, and those robe collars which are taken for crape—paper!

***NO CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE.**

And Sturdy Scotchman Gave No Lip Service to His Maker.

The following example of a quaint, philosophical Scotch character is related in the Scottish American: The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farming, but in a church not far from Arbroath the officials had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular occasion Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and pillar of the church (whose crops had miserably failed), was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone and inquired of him the reason of his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Weel, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care about approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."

Value of Dogs in the North.

Dogs are undoubtedly the most useful animals for man in his polar expeditions where sledges must be dragged over the ice of the Polar sea. They have the advantage also, that unlike horses and reindeer, they readily eat their fellows. Their weight is small, and they can be easily carried on light boats or on ice floes. As the Danish government has forbidden the exportation of dogs from Greenland, explorers usually get their animals from western Siberia.

Tourists in Italy.

It is estimated that over \$96,500,000 is spent annually in Italy by tourists and in remittances from Italian emigrants. The revenue of the government in 1902-03 exceeded the expenditures by nearly \$13,500,000.

1901-1904.

Nekoma, Ill., April 18th.—Away back in 1901 Mr. Albert E. Larson of this place was suffering with kidney disease and backache. The pain he was called upon to endure was very great and rendered his life almost a burden to him. He heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them and almost at once he began to get better. He had been unable to work but Dodd's Kidney Pills soon made him able to work again. He used the remedy till he was completely cured. He says he has grown stronger year by year since he got rid of his old trouble.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly gave me a complete and permanent cure for I have felt stronger since I used them in 1901 than ever before. I can do harder work now in 1904 than I could last year. I cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills enough. I would not be without them in the house."

You ask for a loaf and God gives you a seed. The aroma of a flower does not depend on its size.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1904.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In the last two years one in eight of all deaths in Chicago have been from lung fever.

They who turn their backs on the false face the true.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it, send 10c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

Men value their principles according to the price they have to pay for them.

If you wish beauty, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything.—Plato.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Manner is one of the greatest engines ever given to man.—Fetham.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. LAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

Men with polished pates ought to shine in society.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The worst enemy a man can have is a fool friend.

"PE-RU-NA TONES UP THE SYSTEM IF TAKEN IN THE SPRING."

SAYS THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.



MISS MARJORY HAMPTON, OF NEW YORK.

Miss Marjory Hampton, 2016 Third Avenue, New York City, writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any season of the year. Taken in the spring it tones up the system and acts as a tonic, strengthening me more than a vacation. In the fall and winter I have found that it cures colds and catarrh and also find that it is invaluable to keep the bowels regular, acting as a gentle stimulant on the system. In fact, I consider it a whole medicine chest.—Miss Marjory Hampton.

PURE BLOOD. Blood Impurities of Springtime—Cause, Prevention and Cure.

Dr. Hartman's medical lectures are eagerly scanned by many thousand readers.

One of the most timely and interesting lectures he ever delivered was his recent lecture on the blood impurities of spring.

The doctor said in substance that every spring the blood is loaded with the effete accumulations of winter, deranging the digestion, producing sluggishness of the liver, overtaxing the kidneys, interfering with the action of the bowels and the proper circulation of the blood.

This condition of things produces what is popularly known as spring fever, spring malaria, nervous exhaustion, that tired feeling, blood thickening and other names.

Sometimes the victim is bilious, dyspeptic and constipated; sometimes he is weak, nervous and depressed; and

again he may have eruptions, swellings and other blood humors. Which ever it is, the cause is the same—effete accumulations in the blood.

Nothing is more certain within the whole range of medical science than that a course of Peruna in early springtime will perfectly and effectually prevent or cure this almost universal affection.

Everybody feels it in some degree. A great majority are disturbed considerably, while a large per cent of the human family are made very miserable by this condition every spring.

Peruna will prevent it if taken in time.

Peruna will cure it if taken as directed.

Peruna is the ideal spring medicine of the medical profession.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

TRAFFICED WITH PURE CIGARS, USE Thompson's Eye Water

TRUSSES Elastic Stockings, Etc.—1001 Spring Garden, Philadelphia, Pa. Catalog FREE.

CANCER NO LONGER FATAL. CURED BY RADIIUM. Write for FREE BOOK. "How to Obtain Radium." Address: E. G. SIGGERS, Box 4, N. E. Miss. Washington, D. C.

PATENTS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED. NOTICE IN "INVENTIVE AGE" FREE. Book "How to Obtain Patents." Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address: E. G. SIGGERS, Box 4, N. E. Miss. Washington, D. C.

CUBA 10 ACRES FOR \$30 Only \$4 down and \$4 per month; no interest. Any quantity at \$3 per acre. 10, 100 and 1,000 acre tracts. 150,000 acres. The Great Sabal land in the world; land guaranteed level; hard wood timber. The landing place of Christopher Columbus. Send for illustrated prospectus, map, etc.—FREE. CARLSON INVESTMENT CO., 816 Nat'l Life Bldg., CHICAGO.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50. **SHOE MADE IN THE WORLD.**

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make. The reason is, they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and have greater intrinsic value than any other shoes.

Sold Everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom. Douglas uses Corona Collium, which is everywhere concerned to the finest Patent Leather yet produced. Fast Color Equestrian. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Write for Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

50,000 AMERICANS WERE WELCOMED TO Western Canada

FARMERS WESTERN CANADA FREE. DURING LAST YEAR. They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier recently said: "A new star has risen on the horizon, and it is toward it that every immigrant who leaves the land of his ancestors to come and seek a home for himself now turns his gaze"—Canada. There is

Room for Millions. FREE Homesteads given away. Schools, Churches, Railways, Markets, Climate, everything to be desired.

For a descriptive Atlas and other information apply to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes, No. 6 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich., and C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURE WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 17—1904